

THE NATIONAL

# Insider

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
SPECIAL  
WEEKLY  
FEATURE

15¢

Vol. 12, No. 25 - June 16, 1968

The Insider Goes Behind The Scenes Of A

# NUDE MOVIE



"The  
Head  
Mistress"



## The World Of BUTTONS!



# UNDER hollywood's Skirts

by Rita  
ROMAINE

Don't believe that rumor about HUGH O'BRIAN seducing the winner of his UCLA Drama Scholarship prize, BARBARA SAMMETT. While it's true that there are few gals who are off limits to the virile O'Brian, the rumors about him and young Barbara are only rumors. What he did do for her, was to get her a part with busy STELLA STEVENS in "The Mad Room." In the meantime, Hugh is concentrating his amorous attentions on about a dozen girls, two of which are NATALIE WOOD and 42-25-35 MONIQUE VAN VOORAN who's proving that she is a 42 by wearing transparent blouses wherever she goes...



Elke Sommer

We hear from a very good source that BRIGITTE BARDOT sent a note to her old husband—though he's presently very much married to JANE FONDA—ROGER VADIM, offering him \$50,000 cash (which she knows he needs) and "the third of your life" if he flies to Paris for a night of love with her. Vadim refused, though he must have been tempted, because Bardot knows more love tricks than any two women put together. As one former boyfriend of hers said, "She makes a French kiss seem like one of those made out of salt water taffy." Jane Fonda wasn't happy with the whole thing, especially in her very pregnant

state where she can't do much to keep Roger happy...

Those dates that ROY THINNES has been having with JULIE CHRISTIE are purely business, like it from us. Roy is still very much in love with LYNN LORING and if they would have seen them heavy petting in a parked car up on Lovers Leap off Ventura when they thought no one was around last Sunday night, you'd know it for sure, too...

CARROLL BAKER is really playing the field since her breakup with hubby JACK GARFINKL. The latest is a good-looking French actor who knows a lot more than Carroll does and who were afraid might get her into trouble. This guy is rumored to seduce girls through very strong aphrodisiacs which makes them do things they're not only sorry for in the morning, but for a lot of mornings. Carroll's life is really sad right now. She risked her whole career on her bust, and it just couldn't cut the mustard. JAYNE MANSFIELD did the same, and couldn't make a go of it in pictures, either—and Jayne had a bust ten times the size of Carroll's. But Carroll didn't learn a lesson from her friend, Jayne. Now she's trying to make herself feel better by dating a lot of men but, as we said, she might feel too good with the one she's dating right now...

RAQUEL WELCH called us the other day and confirmed our item—that everyone was saying couldn't be true—that she sent in for those "Increase Your Bust Size" ads when she was younger. The truth is 1) That Raquel developed very late, and 2) That though she's stacked she isn't near as big as Ekberg or Loren or any of the real big beasted gals. The difference is that Raquel's bust is completely erect—it goes straight out instead of down and that's what makes it look so large. When she lies on her back, she's no bigger than most average 35-24-36 gals...



Kim Novak

Speaking of busts, Mexican film star QUITA HENNAAR has secretly nursed her child for over three years now so that her measurements will stay big. Stars are getting away from the silicone operations now that silicone has proved cancer can come from it—and that revelation has gals like ELKE SOMMER rather worried...

DIANA RIGG fans will be glad to know that Diane has just landed the part opposite million-dollar star LEE MARVIN in "Paint Your Wagon!" And remember you read it here, first. Also remember this prediction: those two will argue and fight and scratch and bite and finally fall in love, putting the final kibosh on Marvin's marriage to beautiful MICHELLE TRIOLA (which has been "about to happen" for 18 months)...

Well, after making an entire picture with her and not once even holding her hand warmly, WARREN BEATTY is now dating FAYE DUNAWAY hotly and heavily. He flew in from Paris last week just to spend two hours with her in the airport lounge, and next week she will fly to see him—though the most they can have together is a few hours. Other communists will tell you it's business; that they're making plans for a sequel to "Bonnie and Clyde"—but don't you be-

lieve it. Warren is interested in this cool but beautiful gal who he considers say has never given her all to a man...

NANCY SINATRA and TOMMY SANDS may reconcile! As you know, the marriage didn't work out originally because Tommy just wanted to be a single guy again, much as he liked Nancy. Beautiful Nance never quite got over the shock, and then last week she was just as shocked when Tommy (who is recuperating from illness) called her and asked for a date. He said he'd done a lot of thinking while he was sick and knew what he wanted now. Nancy jumped at the chance although afterwards she broke down in tears...

New romance in town: MIA FARRROW and PETER LAUFORD. Although Pete was always the quiet member of the "Clan" because he was the "very married" member of it (to PAT KENNEDY), he is also the guy who knows how to treat a woman better than SINATRA and DINO MARTIN put together, doubted and doubtable. And as we all know, Mia appreciates the attentions of older men much more than the younger variety. When Frank Sinatra reads this, he's going to be jealous as hell. Frank likes them to carry a torch for him after he drops them. AVA GARDNER is still doing it...

That romance between KIM NOVAK and SVEND PETERSON is all over. In fact, it was all over before it started. Just studio publicity—and of course Svend tried his hardest to make it come true. But it takes a lot to excite Kim, who'd rather be alone with her animals and her sculpture than with a man most of the time.

BILL COSBY had some trouble with some naked white girls on the set of his new picture the other day that really had him chewing his nails TWIGGY-style. They surrounded him in his dressing room and started trying to pull his clothes off while a fourth

member of their crew stood by taking pictures. How they got in Bill never could find out, but he got out of there as quickly as he could—after breaking that camera in a million pieces. He got some studio hands to make the girls, who looked like young teenagers (except for their overdeveloped breasts), get out in a hurry.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN took a physical examination the other day after he had been bothered for some time with abdominal pains and learned that he will have to undergo an operation—and soon—or he may lose his life...

It's ironic but several of the shows and its stars given TV's Emmy Awards were canceled for the 1968-69 television sea-



Stella Stevens

son. Especially affected was "I Spy" where star BILL COSBY received his third straight award, while his partner ROBERT CULP sat "burning" by. Cosby departed from the usual "thank you" speech to get in some words on racism, chastising the TV industry for not having more shows like his late one which would show racial harmony. Many a producer in both the New York and Hollywood audiences had their ears ringing...

And that's it under the skirts of Hollywood for this week!

## Can You Spot The Differences?



There are 10 differences between the two drawings. Think you can spot them? Give it a try and then check the answers on page 18.



## THE NATIONAL Insider

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# Notes From The UNDERGROUND

## By TED DICKENS

Hair combed in obedient curls behind his ears, nails newly scrubbed and trimmed, neck bristling under the collar of a clashing necktie, and smelling of never used cologne, George comes home.

They are waiting for him in Santa Monica, Calif., in Freeport, L.I., Boston, and in Chicago. It is the return of the native, today-bopper style, a bi-weekly melodrama played along the split-level bylanses of suburban America. It happens anytime—right now.

His folks grumble, and inspect behind the ears. They must be in seamy and green. Their homocentric shelter is a minidome with no room for information.

"The army will straighten him out."

"When I was his age..."

"Did the neighbors see your hair like that?"

"George, are you taking dope? Look at your hair!"

"Your ears are filthy." "Don't dink up!"

The conversation fades like the house but it is a loud, fluorescent. The house has grown old. It doesn't smell like home. They have pulled its covers back on his hair. It is open, unclean. But his rooms clasp to smelt indifference. They stuff a nail in him. They tell him they love him, by the way.

## Lady Rain

Finally, they flash a \$20 bill in his face. Rusty and most timid of us, George leaves "home" and on the other side of town an hour later, spitting in his tribal living room, quiet island and being someone called Wolfwater.

The pig is something about a rock head—and somebody who sits at a microphone high above the top-of-the-beat, but still close to where the hip life is. Everybody chips in, and somehow there is always food and people, malice, space, and the stereo is in absolute treble-wounded harmony with the surfer.

Wolfwater was newly christened a month ago by Lady Rain, who carried a security blanket and painted groovy grease paint five years in a retrograde children. "That was her thing. She had murmured, 'You are tall and green like a stem and you smell so nice with your white hair.'"

It had been a strange initiation rite on a evening in the living room with his gently beamed child and a room of friends and friends. Now, morning, with the happy little still in his fingertips, he closed over the sleeping house on his way and toward the house.

That afternoon, when he had moved a tattered ocean of belongings from his boardhouse room and scattered in his books and records for exorcism, they introduced themselves. It, who specialized in artesian, roses, and a man and toward the house.

—George found a dog dog

blossom on his boots and soon Lady Rain was painting the same thing on his forehead in the softest brush strokes. When he told them about loving home, that he was broke but never hated, they said yes, that was groovy, that he could enroll his mistress and join the tribe and just do his thing.

## Demonstrations Set

On a postcard-sized afternoon recently, hundreds of human dandelions gathered in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, and turned toward the sun as it tilted west and away.

Flares are being made in cities and college towns all across the country for a dining of events that will battle all those accustomed to the destruction with a apple goal. In Chicago, they're calling for a "Apple movement." A Rochester tribe called the Sons of the Wind adopted for the month and participated for a constructed event on the Cambridge Common.

Californians are being confronted by a series of beings named by a supermarket chain. And residents of Tico, N.M., are driving this August, when the Anti-Dirt Daring League of Sherman, Calif., gathers 2000 demonstrators for a "sugarside bus." Tico has 2000 residents.

We have had hippies before, but never something called the hip community, a misadventure with its own uncolored laws. Its own codes of social workers who call themselves hippies. Its own Love Cosmochem. We have had drugs before, but now we are confronted with an eclectic psychochemical culture, borrowing from the spiritual heritage of a dozen ages and taking root right here in post-apocalyptic America.

We know about teenagers, but flower children are something else again. What is happening to our liberated legions may soon make today's concept of adolescence more realistic. There has always been an underground, but never has its message been so consistently received by the young.

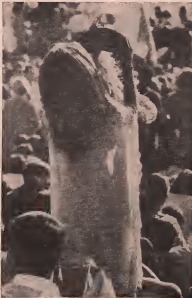
## Coming Of Age

Already there are signs that take you on a trip, alerts that make you hip, and everything from alien magazines to headbushes, and everything on. From the Wall Street Journal covers the hippie beat, and with good reason. Getting high may be illegal, but it is becoming a new American's most salable commodities.

Hippies flash about a militant communications corp—reporters, producers, engineers—who hunt their scene. But their mercantile machinery is making hippies important beyond their numbers or their resources.

They are becoming culture deities for American youth in the late 60s. Coming of age right now, the new generation of Southern California, the forgotten fitness of suburban New York, and in a hundred backback communities, a new generation is creating its own self-pit.

The flower children. Not the hippies, though the underground movement, they may prove the child who is father to his man. Hip



Flower Girl as pictured by Richard Cross.

but mannered, defensible but defended, rebellious but loved, they are lifting the love cosmology from its roots and making it a split-level alternative.

You won't find the flower children grubbing in the Heights-Bary or on the Lower East Side, Side, or Old Town, except on weekends. The hip bastion is a sacred site, but flower children live on the parental periphery. They cut, but after the bread they don't need. Their roots are intact, though dispersed. They are naturally frugal, and less hostile than the hippies.

They are after love. Not a valentine letter, or a pop-song result or a proposition. Love means something else in the hippie lexicon.

## Love The Thing

Love is our most precious word. We learn it early, and we are never allowed to forget. Love is packed and stored as of by ritual rote. We are obsessed by its attainment. We call those of us who lack it neurotic and not act which defiles it awful.

The successful being may come to be a playful character, a super-natural. But stripped of its cryptic style it is electric point. The non-specific gathering asserts a new kind of opposition; a spontaneous outpouring of feeling. It is free to happen, just like the improvised flower people, the new jazz-like-band, the underground "improvised" cinema.

Often the element of protest is disguised as mischief putting a dime in the parking meter and sitting in the designated area. From Amsterdam, where youth called proves (postulates) are living a new nihilism, hippies on the East Coast are learning the art of much revolution.

But, even when the superficial aim is mindlessness, a complaint is strident, and demands are made. A hippie who showers ladders at a peace march with flames in its arms, and protesters are in flagrant opposition. And the flower children who surround a policeman to shout "love" are making an agonizing protest on their own.

Explicit in the structure of the hippie tribe is a narrow search for love. Their solution to a hostile environment has been to attempt a separation of the mass from the enlightened few. In the Love Cosmochem, only the turned on are enlightened and all users obviously turn-on.

## Uplight

Hippies are in opposition but they have a special way of letting you know they're upright. They don't revolt. In fact, they wear their thinking on their sleeve, in brightly colored buttons. The slogans are meant to show the absurdity of moral posturing.

The greatest sell for the hippie is aggression for personal gain, and the truest secret is the gentle

man. The holders of ultra-passivity in protest in many fables (and not exactly lacking in Christ-like) but it is in Buddhism that the hippie sees the concept most clearly. His symbols, his quest, a quality of soft, unresisting, compassion that hippies call love.

This equation is crucial in understanding what flower children mean when they extol "flower power." Hippies have concluded that the gentle soul cannot survive within the system. Capitalism the harbinger of apocalypse—meat—is an economic necrosis and the true sign of enlightenment is to repudiate power.

Uplight, in the Love Cosmochem, does not mean chastity, but rather sharing in the most common sense. To attain belonging, hippies neither believe. They want to neutralize the self, and find a common essence.

## Weird Names

A hippie who is enlightened to this concept of universality says he has expanded his consciousness (thus implying that self-consciousness is narrow, immature or sick), in simply getting high—not in being secretly equated with discovery—the flower child speaks of "blowing the mind" in pop-jargon, his words to annihilate the self, and in the process, shock the system.

Even nicknames offer an alternative. The old monikers are now ordinary and hard edged. The new names. The old monikers are now names are mythic, flamboyant, and claim a new true masculinity. There is Mouse and Rabbit, Mad and George, mad and Ted Mahal.

The new style in naming rock groups has a logic of its own. A good name expresses both absurdity and gentleness. Some of the best: The Chocolate Watchband (surreal, smooth, silly), The Iron Butterfly (strong, in delivery), The Peanut Butter Conspiracy (silly but inarguable), The Grateful Dead (dead on a hippie prayer), The Gentle Soul.

But the most important have symbol in the flower. It is uttered, positively, thoroughly belated, and absolutely inseparable of peace. You can break free by flowers don't hurt.

## Tolkien's Philosophy

"Just say the word," editors are enthralled. "I guarantee I'll take hours to come up with a really serious one. What better way to talk about nature, beauty, love or even God? I mean, assuming you don't have a fever, who has ever been so serious about a flower?"

As they do with a much else in their lifestyle, flower children look for an intellect, cryptic quality for a new American literature. A female aesthetic for the hippie, and its most potent aspect is the myth. Just as kids in the '50s glorified sexuality in the "Catcher in the Rye" and in the early '60s, pondered the accuracy of a social structure in "Lord of the Flies," the flower child is looking for a monumental chronicle of life in middle earth, "The Lord of the Rings."

Tolkien's narrative and intricate work is especially attractive to hippies. (Continued on Page 4)

# Is Warren Beatty Secretly Married?

ren Beatty was planning to ask her as a surprise after he won.

## Oscar or Julie

But when he didn't win, we think Warren wanted to get married all the more. He needed something after seeing his movie punctuated for ten different awards and being almost shut out for all of them. We think he needed more than a drink or a night in bed with a woman.

We think Warren Beatty needed the one thing that nothing ex-

Julie Christie has always been a free spirit who loved and lived with men without marrying them. She openly admitted that this was her setup with Don Beatty.

But along came Warren and that was the end of Don.

Now Warren was the last person in the world you'd expect to want to marry. He was a real Hollywood rotten type. Love 'em and leave 'em.

But along came Julie. Beatty knew this was the girl for him. But he also knew that she

Clyde. It was a helluva lot of work, night and day for months — so much so that there were weeks at a time when Warren wouldn't see Julie and the rumors would come with rumors about their breaking up.

But it was only because Warren wanted Julie so much that those periods without her happened. Finally, though, they were over. He was famous. He might win an Academy Award—of them.



Julie Christie

## Julie For Warren

But to Julie, Warren is a great actor and a great producer. She says that she feels Bonnie & Clyde is as great a movie as any ever made. And she also says that Warren need not marry her to have her.

But Warren wants it in writing, too.

We think he got it in writing — the night of the Academy Awards in a little California town about 20 miles south of Los Angeles.

When they tell the world about it — remember that you read it here first.

## An Insider Exclusive

cept an Oscar could give him the knowledge that he owned the thing he loved most.

Julie, who that she cared that much for a ceremony and a marriage license.

was an Oscar winner, an undisputed great actor.

He wanted to marry her — but as an equal.

## Works On Bonnie

So he went to work on Bonnie &

He could come to her not only as Warren Beatty the great lover, but as Warren Beatty the great actor and producer.

The script didn't work out quite that way.

Warren Beatty

## By V. R. CARLTON

You saw him there at the Academy Awards.

Sure, he was nervous about whether he and his picture, Bonnie & Clyde, would win. But he also had other things on his mind. Like the gal sitting next to him. Beautiful, free-lovin' Julie Christie.

Did he do what he had in his mind? Did he make Julie Christie his in a secret ceremony after the Oscars?

We think he did. We think War-

## Another Exclusive

# HOLLYWOOD'S MARRIED SEXPOLES!

## By V. R. CARLTON

Mamie Van Doren pays two highly-paid publicity men to get her name in the papers. And the way you get Mamie's name in the papers is to spread wild stories about her.

In the last year, these are some of the stories that have made print about Mamie:

She participated in an orgy with 37 sailors while she was on an LSD binge;

## With Animals

She made a stag film that was stronger than any other stag film ever made because it included an-

imals as well as men;

She got so sexually frustrated one night when no man was available, that she shacked up with two girls who were passing by her house!

And so on.

Naturally, all this is untrue.

Oh, Mamie has had her wild moments — but not in the last year. And even then, they were nothing like the ridiculous items printed above.

But since Mamie has been married, the truth is that she doesn't drink or feel around anymore at all. She stays home, when she isn't working and her husband playing husband isn't pitching, and just acts like a normal old married woman.

The same is true of Ann-Margret.

## Posters Banned

Ann did everything she could to get a wild image when she was single. One of her posters was even banned by the city of Los Angeles. In fact, rumors flew about wildly concerning Ann. Rumors like that she went up to a college campus and let every guy in one fraternity house make love to her. Rumors like that she went up to San Francisco and participated — really participated — in a hippie love-in for 20 straight hours.

The rumors were false—but that's the way which Ann has come through time to give her the image of a sexpot.



Mamie Van Doren

## Rumors Circulate

But they still circulate — even though Ann-Margret has been acting like Doree Edith Evans since she got married to Roger Smith.

She doesn't go out to the night clubs anymore.

She never touches liquor.

She never plays around.

She never — does a lot of things she used to.

She is really a stay-at-home, and almost anything you read about her stronger than that she applied her head to milk with cows is probably false.

And Ann and Mamie are just two of the many, many former "sexpots" who have changed their spots completely since they got married.

For the same reasons flower children are one-size nervous. Unlike the bold, flat, confident pop forms of the early '60s, this new style is delicate, muted and indecisive. You don't just look at psychedelic art; you grove on it, moving slowly from object to object, building a personal structure and reliving the bone-laden of unrelated shapes which are fascinating in themselves.

The hippie canvas has no center of interest. It spreads outward, lacking form or direction, and its essence is not the whole, but the subtle interrelation of parts. Thus the content of a poster advertising a rock concert is secondary. The interrelation of the design is what matters.

Underground Press From this aesthetic of hostility has come a new kind of big newspaper, similar to the embellished farce-of-the-century press in layout, but more ambiguous. The underground news is blossoming

The list is long — and surprising.

It even includes Ringo Starr.

Of course, if any of these gals get divorced, you can look for them to be wilder than they ever were — maybe as wild as their rumormongers. Because there's a lot of

## Notes From The Underground . . .

(Continued From Page 3)

gies because it is a fantasy which takes itself utterly seriously, and because its structure is too wild to ignore. The landscape of middle earth is magical, but credible, and Elvish is a fabricated language with a veritable grammar. You can use its convoluted script on hippie posters. It is not quite as cryptic as the handwriting at the wall. And the bobbles — gentle fury convulses who live, smoke and eat peacefully, are paralytic.

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position in females like this, and once it gets a chance it can go really wild.

But until then, it's TV and kitting for Hollywood's old married couples!

all over the country. The most revolutionary, if not the most literary, mostly in the tracks, which serves the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. The most lucrative ones, though are the Los Angeles Free Press and the East Village Other in New York City. At first glance, The Oracle seems to be 20 pages of hideously designed wallpaper. Its pages are lavishly embroidered with intricate illustrations that take hours to contemplate, and its landscape layout explodes with color. Although the Oracle seems unlikely to win a Pulitzer Prize it may well influence the "straight" newspaper of the future.

Hippies have infused folk-rock into something mysteriously suggestive, something disc-jockeys are afraid of. They call it psychedelic music. Sometimes that means a desirable burst of dissonance coupled with a dancing light show. Sometimes it means a roll of or direct reference to LSD.

Radio censors are never certain what goes over the airwaves these days. While some censor are heartily banned because they are thought to promote psychedelic drugs, others pass uncensored. The censor code they employ goes over the censor's head, wherever that may be. For example, shocked programmers recently yanked a song called "That Acidulous Gold" off the air in many places, when they discovered that "acidulous gold" is a kind of very good pot.



Ann-Margret

# The Shocking Story Of Sex Rackets

## esmen And Love Larcaine.

By FRANK NATHALIO

Apart from the "strictly personal" that allow you to seek, openly, a new and possibly wicked lesbian, homo or "straight" another great deal of revenue is derived, not only by the sex tabloids, but by respectable family newspapers.

For many purveyors of sexual products and services to such an audience, the cheapest way is to advertise in the classified sections of the national tabloids, the underground press, and in some cases, local newspapers, all over the country. From an advertising agency in New York advertisers can obtain a "package deal" wherein their ad will appear in certain groups of newspapers throughout the country at various prices.

### Big Business

This advertising is expensive, varying from 25 cents per word to \$5.00 per word. But even at these rates, it is well worth it, because the newspapers carry two and three pages of such ads every issue.

The revenue from such advertising and their returns must certainly be considered in any book concerning sex. The *Los Angeles Times* in one issue of a national weekly, I counted 176 individual classified ads varying in length from the minimum brevity of 10 words to up to 100 words. Most of them had classified "bedlines" that cost \$1.00 plus 10 cents a word extra. It is an ad that is placed every week and week out in several papers I have read regularly.

ALL BOLD & MOVIE FILM PRODUCTION CONFIDENTIAL AND EIGHTH STREET, 520—developed. Bill film porno ad prints. Free postage. At these prices, I should damn well look.

What this ad really means, though, is that if you stage an act in your home and do not have a Polaroid camera or darkroom, you can send the undeveloped roll to the address listed in the advertisement. They will develop, develop and print your size and mail them back to you.

### Gail Girls

Of course, if they are pornography enough to be sold on the open market, they will make a profit or two for themselves and probably "dope" negatives to boot.

An experienced vice squad officer in Cook County, Illinois, office in Chicago told me that this type of thing is leading to a considerable amount of blackmail cases.

Gail girls are using bladders camera to photograph the "Johns" they entangle and then using the pictures as blackmail.

It is obvious these pictures could not be developed at the contact drive alone, it is a waste of service. It could, unless curtailed, develop into a tremendously lucrative aspect of sexual blackmail.

Then, of course, there are the homosexual pictures that are extremely hard to obtain in the same way from the under current of the country. This is the type of ad that can supply them.

"Johnny Trust Club" for men with unusual interests and talents. Should be well-endowed, although

Young, attractive, educated couple would like to meet similar couples and singles. Must be attractive. Only those with phone answered. EL 10003, Winnipeg.

Young man, apt, social young and pretty girl like to become part of 3-rooms. EL 21, handsome. EL 21, very apt, personality. Must be good. Send letter to photo to company. POB 8708, Winnipeg.

PERKINS, ARIZONA  
Seattle man, 38, desire woman, 31-45.

34 year old guy, 5'8", good-looking, would like to meet someone for dates and friendship. All inquiries acceptable. POB 6314, Winnipeg.

### NEW FRIENDS WANTED

I need to meet more people and make new friends. Girls preferred, of course. Do you enjoy the thrill of sincere appreciation? Write me about yourself. We may have values to share. Winnipeg, Box 123, Winnipeg.

Handsome, well-endowed businessman fluent in the French area seeks female or wife for satisfying times. Social meeting facilities possible. Winnipeg, POB 6314, Winnipeg.

### VERY DISCREET

Attractive couple new to wedding desires young attractive light-brown haired couple for dates and phone plans. Pictures will be returned. Write Winnipeg 21 458 5.

Disregarded goodlooking broad-minded Cal executive in process of divorce seeks sharp, intelligent woman 21 to 36 for companionship. May be Cal or Japanese. Single or w. b. With due respect for those who reject me be sure, I shapely. Recent photo will be returned. HJL 100102, Winnipeg.

These are typical of the ads that solicit sex in their various forms.

not necessarily. Send \$3 for list and listing. Box ... Gay State.

### Homes Wanted

What you receive by joining the club is a selection of similar young studs in the time-honored pose of the weight lifter. Then you will be selected to buy interesting pictures of male homosexuals, and give it with a vengeance.

Another ad searching for a homosexual relationship reads: "A GAY MAN, WANTS FOR: nude pic and sex traveling companion to businessman. \$800 week and all travel expenses. Send vital statistics, photo and phone number to ..."

The key to this one, of course, is the "traveling companion" phrase. This means the advertiser is a queer looking for a homosexual partner.

In a different category are ads printed in newspapers from coast to coast as well as magazines of all kinds impugning man's virility. There is usually a slight contradiction to these. Look at this one:

### "SEXUAL FORTIFYING"

"NICE ACTION"  
"For men and women of all ages. NICE ACTION" is pleasant, to

Looking for chick to answer ad with. Must be like, White Guy is 917 A, Winnipeg, apt.

Striking married couple seeks area to 35. Write Winnipeg, POB 8182, Winnipeg.

Just 18 man 40 seconds once would change. Like male, for date to meet. W/POB 8397, Winnipeg.

Sharp come male 35 desires discreet affair with love loving female. POB 194, Winnipeg.

LOS ANGELES ADAM  
32, 6' 2", 270 lbs. w. div. Good looking, tall, liberal-minded, sincere, strict culture-oriented eye for date & swinging fun. Be or sensitive to 1375. Winnipeg, POB 711, Winnipeg.

MARRIED COUPLES  
Gd looking male 35 Exceptional knowledge of french culture seeks married chick interested in learning french methods. AG, POB 1731, Winnipeg.

SINCERE MALE 22  
WOULD LIKE TO MEET FEMALE  
OBJECT TO JOHN  
NICE COLLECT  
BOB, POB 5141, Winnipeg.

GAY BOYS ONLY  
Yellowish tall blond, 18, craves affection from much younger or sexier ones (with groovy behavior). No experience needed. Write Winnipeg 21 458 5.

Attractive bald 40 some safe-if-strict would like to meet attractive curly blond girl for dating conversation, horseback riding, music and art. Send photo if possible. Box 885, Winnipeg.

YOUNG MAN 40, 5'11", 160 lb., tall, good looking, 30-70  
Semi-serious, w/ serious, 5'6", 4'2", 5'2", Winnipeg.

NYC Area sensitive 35 in search area (35-50) friendly 5'7" 170, Winnipeg, apt. 31, 55 W 17, Winnipeg.

Seeking mature or young woman for an or afternoon quick flirt. I am mid-aged & discreet. Write Tony, POB 2153, Winnipeg.

Strait clean-cut Case bachelor swing with couples. Allshoville will receive my photo & photo. POB 1503, Winnipeg.

FOR LADIES ONLY  
Discreet, businessman by early 40s available dynamics for advice, therapy, mental and/or physical exercise. Photo appreciated. All answered phone please POB 7007, Winnipeg.

If you are not satisfied—mature, calm, worldly, with depth and ideal for friendship only. I'm in late 40's, peace, with a sympathy of tastes for tidiness. Write POB 3543, Winnipeg.

Good looking male looking for exceptional, attractive young lady (20-30) who enjoys the better things in life—I have shared many things, Winnipeg, POB 452, Winnipeg.

Yr Case 35 Negro endowed to do the thing - Fe els. Let us hear. D-83 POB 3025, Winnipeg.

SEeks COUETTE  
Liking French clothes and art. Careless bachelor, college grad. Write Winnipeg, Box 3071, Winnipeg.

BUTCH MALE WANTED  
By 6' 11" 160 lb good physique 35 for Great! Good build only must be virile Write to Winnipeg, Winnipeg.

either before or even during the sex act.

Then, of course, there is always the "certificate mail." There is one company regularly advertising in the classified pages that they can obtain any certificate necessary that you may find need of, as per the following:

"MARRIAGE, BIRTH, DIVORCE Certificates: University, College, High School Diplomas."

Mail-Order Marriage  
What they're trying to sell is that if you meet up with a difficult female who has marriage in mind, you've taken her in, and he'd a few times all you have to do is whip out the mail-order marriage certificate and show her that you're just another married man whose wife "just doesn't understand me."

Then, of course, it can work in reverse, with that good-looking blonde at the next desk or at the lunch counter. She has already found out, or suspects, you're a "couette" and can't give you a trouble. You can take a week's vacation, send for a divorce certificate and whip her into the nearest motel will "I'll be that"

These are easily pictures of men and women, pulling each other's hair out from top to bottom, biting each other's breasts and they bleed and other sick poses.

A "couette" of these type of pictures told me that there are a lot of people, both male and female, that can't get any kicks at all unless they view such pictures

Case Male 30, 5'11", 160 lb., tall, good looking, 30-70  
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in a year, baby. I took a week off to get it.

Actually, this type of thing definitely constitutes fraud. But from what information I could gather the mail-order marriage certificates (thousands of such certificates every week at anywhere from \$1 to \$10 each).

Advertisers, compile mailing lists of those who answer their ads. These mailing lists can be sold at high as \$1.00 per name. If they are composed of proven buyers of odd-ball material, they are never sold for less than 25 cents per name. This, alone, is a very lucrative sideline.

12 Solicitations  
Trying to ascertain how I received so many unsolicited advertisements and brochures through the mail, I uncovered this aspect of sex as a business: calls by accident.

For every advertisement I received, I received up the average six other solicitations.

The reason I am sure my name was being sold is that I replied to advertisements in various combinations of my name in spelling and first name, such as Frank Nichols, Frank Nith and the like. One of these combinations brought 12 solicitations—a record. That means that one mailing list was purchased 11 times from the company—the mailed advertiser and hequired the price of a "recess-patcher" mailing list.

The reply I received staggered me. They offered to supply me a mailing list of 12,000 names, 25 cents per name.

At these prices, I should damn well look. It is his business and has to be considered as part of the dollar market in mailing the sex racket.

"Make Love To My Husband!"

Joel Gowing, a 22-year-old London housewife, asked a girl friend to "do me a favor and seduce my husband."

This came to light during a hearing in an English Divorce Court.

But there was a twist, according to the judge, because the girl friend told her that she had seduced her husband.

Mrs. Gowing wanted to catch them in the act so she could get rid of the husband.

However, the couple only landed and settled. And Mrs. Gowing was so angry that she hit the husband on the chin with a paper and "smacked."

The friend, Mrs. Margaret Fagan, a former model to the husband's shoe shop, did not go to his apartment, said the judge.

But after a few kisses and caresses with 20-year-old David Gowing, she "repented" and left.

The two women met. Mrs. Gowing was told nothing happened.

Mrs. Gowing, who was married to the husband when she was 16, denied making any arrangement with Mrs. Fagan.

Gowing, said the judge, was a written confession of adultery with Mrs. Fagan. That was false.





# BLACK MASS-TODAY!

## By ARLANDO FEO

For many years Angelo Cuffi, 52, had been the popular but slightly feared barber of the Sardinian mountain village of Nurao, in the western backlands of Sicily.

Then, some five years ago, his position began to change imperceptibly.

Local people, bound to frequent his little shop off the cobbled main street high up on the mountain, still liked the talkative barber, but the fear grew stronger as his agile scissors snipped away their hair or his sharp blade shaved their chins.

For Angelo Cuffi, confident and barber, was also an adept of Black Magic, believed to be something of an witchman in the dark backroom of his home where Sardinian farmers boiled up strange liqueurs in cheap test-tubes and skulls and bones lay around in the odddest places.

## Disciple Of Satan

Outwardly, Angelo Cuffi was a mild, modest Sardinian man incapable of hurting a fly.

Only his wife knew how different he really was.

And it was that difference that led her to murder him with amazing ferocity.

The belief that he was a barber in appearance only but that in reality he was a disciple of Satan dominated more and more Angelo's sick mind.

Soon he was rumormongering and curses as he shaved and trimmed.

Even so superstitious villagers would come to him for love potions and other mysterious concoctions with which they could revenge themselves upon enemies, ward off the evil eye.

As his power grew upon the people Angelo believed he had been called by the Black Power to pursue to become his local high priest.

To the small circle of fearful adepts he had obtained in the village, Angelo would say:

"I am the word of Darkness and of a new faith. Only we can change the fate of the world, as we can change life for the better for as all."

"Follow me and the magical power I wield, for they shall protect you against the plagues while evil of the priests and the even phosier arguments of the political powers that exploit us all!"

## All The Way

So far the villagers could still go along with the new High Priest. And so could also the local police, who wanted no trouble and certainly wished to avoid making a martyr out of a crackpot. Until Angelo went all the way.

His favorite disciple was his wife. And Angela Pizzella, 45, graveness, pudgy and unkempt, was also his favorite. Always ready to be goaded into the most abject sexual and physical tasks.

It became Angela's favorite game to wake up his wife at midnight, and order her naked into the little backroom laboratory where, as a primitive altar, he would practice Black Magic.

Around her ludicrous and shapeless form draped over the stone slab first stretched from Angela's little bottles filled the air. Candles threw a flickering, sinister light upon the scene where the elderly barber in his black robes murmured and muttered his incantations.

"It was driving me out of my mind," his wife confessed to police after she had been arrested.



In a mock re-enactment of the Black Masses after Angela Pizzella's arrest she pretended to fix in Black State on the altar whilst adepts wept and implored the devil.



Devil spirits in traditional clothing was one of the roles enacted by barber Angelo who, as village witch doctor, enjoyed fooling around in the traditional headgear.

"I felt that when I could drive the accursed devil out of my husband's body I would die myself on that altar over something else got into his mind!"

"I could feel the dark, sinister influence of something inhuman while sitting hold of Angelo each time I lay there. His eyes were fixed as in a hypnotic trance and sometimes he held a knife over me which made me shiver in terror!"

## The End

One night Angelo's own mind cracked under the strain. When her husband awoke under her up and forced her desperately she had already made up her mind.

The ill seven coffins, covered her with a black cloth and pulled out his "black" mind to pray to Berlusconi and invoke the spirits of the dead, ordering them to beat the offering upon the altar. As he turned aside to pick up the old stage knife he used, his wife grabbed an axe at the back of the altar and brought the weapons down on her husband's head.

"She battered him into a heap of blood and once beyond recognition, as if all the pent-up fury and exasperation were suddenly released," the police report read.

After having killed her witch-doctor husband, the widow ran to the police station to give herself up.

Sobbing with relief, she told them what she had done.

"My days of suffering are over at last," she said. "I am a free woman again!"



Witch doctor-barber, Angelo Cuffi was a mild, gentle like man slowly driving his wife out of her mind.

## Wrong Man Gets Drugs

Prison doctors got father-of-five Albert Koster mixed up with another prisoner — a homosexual.

And they set about "curing" Albert with a new drug to remove his sex urge.

The tablets should have been given to a man who had been sent to the jail, in Germany, for indecent assault after he had been given a thirty-month sentence for stealing.

Instead Albert had to start taking them.

Albert, a 45-year-old busman contractor, was given the drug for five days last year while he was serving a thirty-month sentence for stealing.

So disappointed yesterday, he had the first of a series of tests to find out whether the drug had harmed him. Officials said its effects could not be forecast.

Government leaders have already ordered disciplinary action against the doctors who gave Albert the tablets.

BUNION

By Martin



# IS MICHEL CALE GOING HIPPIE?

By V. R. CARLTON

It was a wild scene. Pot-smokers in one corner. A nude couple — no, wait a minute make that a threesome (two girls and a man) — under a table at another end of the room.

More couples—some both women — dancing in the center of the room. Some dancing naked. A bearded fellow playing a sitar in back of them. A hot political discussion at one of the tables in the darkly lit place.

Add noise. Much more.

Some hippie deal? Uh-huh. Michael Cale's place. And right in the middle of that hot political discussion was none other than Number One and a half (with Richard Barston) British movie star, big Mike Caine.

## Flower Child

The particular "party" we're talking about took place in London about two months ago.

But it could have happened in Hollywood a month back, or at a number of other places on a number of other occasions.

Because, from all the evidence we can gather, Michael Caine is going hippie!

Now it's one thing when some of the lesser-known starlets of Hollywood—or their boyfriends—start wearing the beads and the flowers and so on.

But it's another thing when one of the richest actors on the world — and a star, British rich actor,

at that—goes the hippie route.

Oh sure, a lot of big name stars would be sure to wear a beard once it's available, but it's all a put on. They never take those beads or that beard any closer to hippie territory than The Fantasy in Hollywood or the Copa in New York.

But Mike Caine is something else.

He's not only sure to them, but now he has the hippies coming to him.

## String Of Lovers

If all started when Mike last visited Hollywood.

He was tired of the same old beautiful broads who would give their right pinkies—what to get a date with him and maybe get him to make love to them if he was in the mood.

For since he became famous, Mike has had more girls than even Warren Beatty. And, as the old cliché goes, they'd all begin to look alike to him.

He wanted something new. A friend told him to take a flight up to see Francisco with him and join the hippies for a weekend.

Mike did just that—and that trip may have changed his life.

For, Mike found—surprised to what he's told close friends of his —real people.

And, in particular, real women. What makes the hippie women so different? Other Hollywood insiders who have visited the Haight-Ashbury district in San Francisco or Greenwich Village in New York

or Shuba Square in London for one night of fun, say that the hippie women have several things.

First, they are honest and uninhibited in sex. They'll do anything you want them to—and usually they think of it first.

Second, they have a kind of natural way of looking at things which makes the total relationship with them more exciting than with the big Hollywood screen who are all by body and nothing inside once you get them off the screen.

As a result, they have very important things—a thing which can mean the world to a big star like Michael Caine.

They don't give a damn that he's Michael Caine.

The hippies have given up the work—they don't care one bit for the Establishment. And as a result, famous men couldn't impress them less.

## Couldn't Care Less

To a man who gets women throwing themselves at his feet wherever he goes, who has autograph books no longer than his arm—about 10 hours a day, who has to sail off on a yacht into the middle of the Atlantic ocean to get any privacy (and even while doing that, Mike was once accused of by three star-making symphonies in a helicopter)—getting "lost" amidst the hippies can be a great sell.

Most of them haven't seen Mike's movies, and those who have couldn't care less. They take him for what he is—



Michael Caine in his 'hippie pad' in London after a certain 'party,' a big, handsome, serious man in his thirties who is sick and tired of all the false glamour and glamourous behavior of the movie world.

Not that Mike doesn't like the money he makes from the movies. He loves it. But it's only a means to an end.

That and is really enjoying himself. And a few months ago—after a few years of incomparably quick time—he began to find out

that he couldn't find it with people who really believed they were like the party they played.

He looked far and wide for a group of friends—and a woman friend, in particular—who could give him what he wanted.

Nancy Sinatra couldn't. Paquali Wolk couldn't. Bowden Carroll couldn't.

A hippie girl whose last name he doesn't even know has been able to.

# Will A Segregated Be President?

By WAYNE SYLVESTER

Strange things have happened during the past three months in the political arena—but stranger things are yet to happen.

Would you believe—a segregationist President? No, not in 1968. But it might happen in 1969.

How can this come to pass? Very logically—because this is no pipe dream, but a very real and frightening possibility.

Let's look at the facts. Eugene McCarthy is a noble fellow, wearing a Quakette hat against Bobby Kennedy and Hub-

ert Humphrey. He has captured the minds and hearts of millions of Americans—but the simple fact is that he has not and will not capture anywhere near enough votes to win the nomination he seeks.

Which means, in other words, that the Democratic standard-bearer will be either Bobby or HENRY. It is still too early to say with certainty which one will ultimately emerge victorious. However, certain trends have become apparent. Among them are:

1) The enormous grassroots of popular approval Bobby Kennedy expected after 18J withdrawal from the race has failed to

materialize;

2) Organized labor, business, and most Democratic powers that be have publicly denounced their support of Humphrey;

3) Bobby has the indefinable "Kennedy magic" to some degree, but he already has more enemies, political and otherwise, than his martyred brother could have attained in his lifetime.

4) Though he remains completely uncontested at present, most liberals predict that McCarthy will throw his votes to Hubert rather than Bobby when the time comes.

5) With Ed Butler of the pictures and Viet Nam no longer the major issue it used to be a month or two back, Bobby Kennedy has lost his two favorite targets.

6) While the fact following Dr. Martin Luther King's death—and those which will undoubtedly occur this summer—have solidified Bobby as the choice of the Negro millions, their voters still prefer HENRY, who has been battling for civil rights since Bobby was in kindergarten.

7) If there is to be a white backlash, considering the swiftness of the rise the same backlash now that in 1964—it will be directed against Bobby Kennedy, simply because he is the man the Negro millions support.

8) There is no denying one simple fact: Bobby Kennedy, no matter how much he may hate, cannot honestly deny the fact that, at least as far as the party machine is concerned, he is the Democratic Party's most divisive element. Humphrey, on the other hand, is the most likely of the three candidates to reunite the party.

What does this mean?

In simple terms, it means that Robert Humphrey must be given no worse than an even chance to become the Democratic nominee, and probably has more votes secured at this moment than Kennedy does.

And THAT means that Robert Kennedy Humphrey may well become the next President of the United States, since all three Democratic contenders recently came out ahead of Dick Nixon in a nationwide Gallup Poll.

And I say, then, the Hubert Humphrey is a segregationist?

Far from it. In fact, if he should become President, one half of a lot of Americans are going to be in for a surprise—because Humphrey is as liberal as he ever was.

The only thing that's changed is his style. He no longer screams violence for what he believes is right; he has learned to manipulate his power quietly and efficiently. He no longer is intolerant of the segregationist; he now takes the time and effort to bring them around to his way of thinking. In short, he has matured in his opinions — but those kinds are the same.

He has also matured in his politics. He has been photographed with Lester Maddox, giving him a friendly hug. He has spoken at rallies in Mississippi. (True, he has insisted that Mississippi accept an integrated delegation to the Convention—but the EHRS of 1960 or even 1962 would have barred campaigning South of the Mason-Dixon Line.)

Robert Humphrey today realizes the importance of party and national unity. The current talk is that he will probably offer the Vice Presidency to Kennedy if he wins, and after Kennedy refuses

an anticipated he'll pick a Southern running mate.

Why? Foul and foremost, to repay a political debt. The Solid South, which wouldn't have given Hubert the time of day five years ago, is going to be giving him 999 of more delegates in August.

He'll also need a show of unity. For a change, all the politicians in the Senate are liberal; hence, each of them will probably have to choose a conservative Vice President, both to satisfy Nixon and to try to win back the South, or at least a part of it, in November.

Kennedy or McCarthy will probably choose their Conservative running mate from the North or West, but Hubert already has support in those areas; he'll choose a Southerner to solidify the somewhat surprising support he now has in that area.

And if he should become President, the South and every other area will discover that Robert Humphrey will be at finally behind the Negro cause as he was when he served Democratic to walk out of the 1964 Convention.

He'll spend an enormous amount of money to fight the sickness that infests the cities, he'll push social and pro-Negro legislation like no other President in history has ever pushed it, and he'll slap down niggers with every power at his Presidential command.

And he'll have a conservative Vice President from the South. Does that suggest something to you?

If it doesn't talk to Jackie Kennedy, or Mrs. Martin Luther King, they could tell you a couple of long stories about what happens when people get riled up in the South.

# Wife Shares Home With Other Woman

James Skinner in London confessed to his childless wife that another woman was expecting a baby. And then, a judge said the wife agreed to an "extrajudicial proposal."

She allowed the other woman, Mrs. Rosine Maxwell, and the baby to move into their home . . . in the hope of being able to adopt the child.

But Mrs. Margaret Skinner insisted that she and Mrs. Maxwell had the only business in the house — while Skinner slept in the adjacent room.

## Together

Mrs. Skinner also forgave her husband's infidelity on the understanding that husband and

wife would never have intercourse again.

"And" the judge said "they never did."

They lived together for three years, the judge said in the Divorce Court.

When Mrs. Skinner was out, her husband consulted adultery with Mrs. Maxwell.

Essentially—in 1950—Mrs. Skinner told Mrs. Maxwell to go. Skinner, 61, left too.

The judge granted a decree to Mrs. Skinner, 55, on the ground of adultery.

He exercised discretion over her own adultery, "condemned conduct" and delay in seeking a divorce.



# Lapel Button Communication!



By FRANK NATHALIO  
The whole world knows that communications in the U.S. are highly standardized. Newspapers are basically the same no matter what city they are published in and our radio and TV programs are similar all over the country. Even business letters are so standardized with hackneyed phrases that it seems hardly possible that different people wrote them.

Now Americans have standardized even informal communications such as social comment. I am referring to the ubiquitous lapel button. At one time limited only to election campaigns (I LIKE IKE, NIX ON NIXON) they are now the required accessory for the well-dressed student demonstrator and optional accessory for other college students who want to be "involved" and "committed" to some cause.

Lapel buttons permit active advocacy of ideas, opinions and even nonsense.

**Big Money Operation**  
The emergence of the lapel button on the nation's campuses has turned a part-time, casual operation into a year-round business for scores of button manufacturers in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

The fad has now spread beyond the campus and business firms are using buttons in advertising and sales promotion.

One large auto rental firm has made the WE TRY HARDER button a centerpiece in its advertising campaign and the slogan is being copied by other firms.

An importer of typewriters is offering high school students a button reading: I'M JUST YOUR TYPE. General Electric has joined the fun and distributes buttons to high schoolers reading: I AM A GENIUS, with the GE in genius in large type.

**Campus Winner**  
But it's on the college campuses that the button has really caught on to the great pleasure — and



profit—of the button makers who are working their creative departments and plants overtime and coming up with new slogans in quantities to meet the demand. Some sociologists explain the button fad as another "in" thing to be doing together because of the desire for conformity. Others feel that the use of buttons is evidence of the student's need for doing — another "in" thing right now—and that since no one wants to listen to them (the listeners have problems of their own) they parade their thoughts on their lapels.

Recent sellers on the campus are "disent" buttons and those concerning social and political conditions. GET OUT OF VIETNAM is popular on most campuses. Also popular everywhere are STOP STUDENT DRAFT, LOVE THY NEIGHBOR and MAKE LOVE — NOT WAR.

**Sexual Connotations**  
It is possible to carry on a dialog right on the button. At Harvard, for example, some students began to wear a GOD IS DEAD button.

This immediately brought a rejoinder from others who played on buttons: read it: GOD IS ALIVE — IN THE WHITE HOUSE and GOD ISN'T DEAD — HE JUST DOESN'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED.

Members of the Sexual Freedom Forum at the University of California in Berkeley wear two buttons: TAKE IT OFF and PM WILLING IF YOU ARE.

This second button helps educational efficacy because when a male student asks a co-ed, "Shall we go to my room and compare Von Neumann's mathematical theory of games with the mathematical abstractions of Godel?" She has only to flash her PM WILLING button and no time is wasted in calculations to arrive at the basic equation.

The most popular button at Berkeley, however, is DRAFT BEER — NOT STUDENTS.

At the City University of New York the most popular button is DEARER THE ARMED AND POLICE — ARM THE POOR. This is the official button of the Anarchist League which has branches at many metropolitan colleges.



**Aid Battle Of Pills**  
At the University of Texas, the Texas Student League for Responsible Sexual Freedom is distributing buttons reading: CONTRACEPTIVES NOW! The league is fighting for free birth control pills for co-eds.

To practice "responsible sexual freedom," each co-ed must now spend \$3 to \$4 a month on the pills. Having spent that amount of money, most co-eds try to get their money's worth by saving the pills and reusing their efficacy several times a month.

Other examples of students' concern with responsibility and the future are evidenced in these buttons:

BE CREATIVE — INVENT A SEXUAL PERVERSION  
SAVE WATER — SHOWER WITH A FRIEND  
LEGALIZE BROWN RICE  
SUPPORT A HAIRCUT FOR BOBBY KENNEDY  
STAMP OUT PAY TOILETS

Buttons are "in" for on-campus demonstrations, too. During the Hollywood tenure riots in November and December, the bag-haired and bearded males wore buttons with: WOPS PERFECT! LET'S LEGALIZE POT and ANARCHISM: THE POLICE. The misadventures of dirty faced females had buttons placed on their dirty clothes — dirty clothes are a whole new reading: WOULD YOU BELIEVE — I'M 217 SORRY ABOUT THAT AND SEX HAS NO CALORIES.

At a Washington, D.C., "be-in" (a kind of psychedelic picnic that has no other reason for being) held in April, 1967, the buttons read: MARY POPPINS IS A JUNKIE, REALITY IS A CRUTCH, and KEEP COOL WITH COOLIDGE. This last button is now being sold by a mail-order house for 70 cents. Understandably, there were no I LIKE IKE and ALL THE WAY WITH LBJ buttons.

The button craze has spread overseas to Vietnam and reporters say that they saw buttons worn by pilots and crews of U.S. jets that are sent out to defoliate the jungle (and expose Viet Cong hiding places) which read: ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT FORESTS! This, some critics would say, communicates quite a lot about our existing social and political situation.









# THE INSIDERS!

(Continued from Page 10)  
 "You better get with it. Warren are fired of event with women in it. It blows that hard and pigskins that blow up stories that the story came out. The business champion has was both praise and wrath. One Congressman said of him, 'He was a Congressional staffer's dream.' We had the data—the names and phone numbers to substantiate anything. He wasn't sending anything. One man, manufacturer, Mike, 'Where in the hell would he be if he hadn't landed with GAT? He'd be a nobody.'"

Another says, "Nader has hurt us—bad. His contribution has been so much to safety per se, as to the virus and fish he gave the consumer. He was—and still is—a tough customer. But there are a helluva lot more just like him in our showroom."

There was something irresistible about the American consumer auditor, inside Nader's side. He was not a man to be side, he was tackling a class in industry. He was the underdog and, as a result, he was winning fans. He was the New York Times.

His female counterpart, Betty Furness, has neither bad praise for him. "Most inspection bills have been going to the New York Capital Hill for years with nothing being done because of powerful industrial lobbies. I thought 1967 would be the same. There would be no test bill. We were pleasantly surprised."

Nader made no secret. When he got hold of a secret federal report on meat plants under federal jurisdiction, he knew it was a shock of the system. To get his message to the public, President Johnson, against his best bet, revealed a few portions of that report himself.

"A man was wrapping park shoulders," the newspaper said. "He dropped one in the road, picked it up, wiped it off with a dry, sheer rag... Beef was broken on an open check by a dirt and meat inspector and there. There were flies on the meat. Dreams of bones and meat scraps nearly were covered with maggots."

This was what Nader had been battling.

His New Republic articles are also a shock.

"You wouldn't believe the letters we got," exclaimed Betty Furness. "They were from men and women, from all over the country—ordinary consumers—everybody—demanding tough action."

Ralph Nader is a man who goes to the end.

The third consumer crusader, Mr. Arthur C. Richards (a pen-name) is slightly different in approach. When he does an extremely attack a general industry, his primary battle is for the individual consumer—the woman who buys the pork, the man who buys the aluminum. He goes to find where he's ripped and can no longer locate the company.

His wife and his life are James L. Moore, has been involved with everything from sex books to murder, nearly always taking on the side of the underdog. With over 12 million readers, he has tackled corporate giants such as Sears, Roebuck & Company, A&P, the television and radio industry, and Pacific Tea Company—even the Coca Cola and the United Fruit Companies.

Though his victories have not received near the publicity that Nader and Mike Furness, his battles have often been just as rewarding.

With the help of major U.S.

which manufacturers, he waded into the thick of a Mafia watch found ring, getting beaten up in the process of photographing the operations. Shortly after the story came out in this paper, the Federal Trade Commission filed charges against Mafia gangsters running the operation.

Richards (or Moore) has continued the watch war, claiming that manufacturers are not acting to clean up the situation. His main target has been the Illinois Attorney General's office.

Like Nader, he has taken on General Motors, blasting their dangerous policies of using unsafe window glass in their automobiles. "The practice," Moore claims, "is common with all major auto producers in America." Through Moore and Nader have not yet gotten efforts to tackle the auto manufacturers, it still remains a possibility.

"I don't," Moore says, "do anything out of the job, while I'm doing another part. He runs the show while I see the risk, so in the end, he's the one who's left."

Moore, with the help of the NATIONAL INSIDER, has waged a war to win new laws cracking down on deceptive sales tactics down on corporate statutes while enable a company to go bankrupt, crippling thousands of people in the process of getting around and go into business around another name—a common practice in unethical sales.

Then, the Insider staffer has reached many a governmental host. A striking episode of the Insider's campaign against the use of almost the same time that Reader's Digest utilized its big guns against the IRS, resulted in the IRS's own confession in which the big business denied everything.

Then, Moore says, an immediate investigation was begun on his own background, with federal agents snooping into his own private life the way GIN had done with him.

An Indiana reader case has put Moore at the top of the newsstand. He was charged with a charge after going on Fort Wayne, Indiana, television to claim police had changed records and were protecting a killer of a 95-year-old woman. Indiana Governor Roger Branigan called in United Press International to call Moore "an

But a surprisingly large number of people are beginning to think maybe he's right after all. The consumer attack on unethical business practices are beginning to be heard as Capitol Hill has taken a major interest in what the Insider's reporter is saying.

When he exposed the fraud and corruption in the aluminum industry, the federal government was exposed in, hauling the nation's aluminum to court.

The Insider's campaign has taken on giants such as Sears, Roebuck and Company—and he has won. Some of his earlier battles were against A & W, a major national Pyramide Corporation, a New York company that makes a New York agency, has completed a major battle for a year after Moore accused the company of using forged and stolen testimonials to lure a worthless product.

He wages constant war against dozens of automotive giant firms, claiming their advertising is false and their products worthless. Usually he is right.

Quite often the companies he names are buried into court. Some-

times they are not.

"We're not out to wreck anyone," Moore says. "We always give the company a chance to take care of the complaints themselves. We tell them what our reader has to say and we ask them to do something about it."

"Most reader complaints are more misunderstandings... poor bookkeeping, lost mail, misphoned or delayed orders, things like that. 'But you do run into outfits that are out to do nothing but rip the consumer. You have companies that will forge testimonials, letters, use blackmail, threats, anything necessary to sell a product.'"

"Then are the ones we're after. If they can't change their policies to adhere to common ethics and honesty, then they don't belong in the business in the first place."

The Insider's Consumer Fraud Division, headed by Moore, doesn't let up on anyone. "We keep after them until they send us get results. We turn our files over to government investigators anytime they can be useful. We keep in touch with the Federal Trade Commission about the country."

Weeks or months after an investigation is sent, Moore's response it, checks into the company's operation to see if fraudulent or deceptive practices are still commonplace. If so, he sends the editorial staff of this second—or third or fourth—time however many is necessary to get the company to change.

One such case, involving Midwest Consumers, Inc., a pots and pans outfit catering to brick and mortar stores, was a case where Moore was threatened of a lawsuit by the editorial staff of this second—or third or fourth—time however many is necessary to get the company to change.

The Insider exposed the wholesale club as a loss. The Illinois Attorney General called to see Moore's files and, a short time later, Midwest Consumers was buried into court and ordered to pay \$25,000 to groined customers.

Moore has never seen sagging consumers than I saw them, said Illinois Attorney General William G. Clark.

Moore, Nader and Mike Furness have received increasing support from senators Warren C. Magnuson, Gaylord Nelson, Walter Mondale, Robert Kennedy and Abraham Ribicoff—all outspoken consumer Congressmen. All have said they would back a consumer protection legislation.

Some have wondered why these "dark fighters," as they are jokingly called, would cash in on the pot of gold.

"Most people would because they're lazy," one lobbyist exclaimed.

"I'm not really a reformer," answers Nader. "So many reformers are dead. I'm not a reformer. I'm a dreamer! No, I've got to be practical. But the real question is not why I'm doing what I'm doing. It's why so many people don't care."

Both men are constantly on the spot... always on guard against the possibility of being labeled a dreamer. No, I've got to be practical. But the real question is not why I'm doing what I'm doing. It's why so many people don't care."

Moore recently was offered "a job with a CIA. He was declined to have proof of a conspiracy between an auto dealer and a government office.



Betty Furness—'Way Back When'

A thorough check revealed that the information had crime syndicate connections and was being sought by the law far beyond. He accepted the "evidence," Moore would have left himself wide open for a multi-million dollar law suit.

Neither Nader nor Moore have ever been sued, though both have been threatened. When Moore tackled National Dynamex, he was well aware that Mike Furness, who years before, had tried the same thing and was sued for \$15 million. The magazine's Mike Furness went on further, showing not only that the national letters were not authorized, but that they were forged and those National Dynamex in the day has remained silent about the

affair and refuses to sue. (See Insider December 31, 1967.)

After being called by GIN people, Moore turned the tables and said General Motors for \$25 million. It may be years before it gets into court.

There are professionals on the side of the consumer, though the man in the street may not think so. Most, however, are most grateful to publications like The National Insider and New Republic which have the nerve and the courage to tackle the seemingly impossible and to men—and women—like Ralph Nader, Arthur C. Richards (Moore) and Betty Furness, who evergreen quality their reputations, their careers, and sometimes their lives in an attempt to win a better life for the American consumer.

ARTHUR RICHARDS

## HOW TO GET THE INSIDERS!

Dear Sirs:  
 In September 1966 we purchased an antenna from Sears, Roebuck and Company in Johnson City, Pa. It was one of the biggest listed that year, cost \$39.00 and presented a thorough check held in the mail by my husband we would easily receive 1000 dollars.

Several weeks later we noticed Sears offering a free antenna check. We'd been getting poor reception, so we asked for the check. The service man came out and after a thorough check held in the mail we were two long and that everything else was alright.

We kept having trouble and called the service department several times. They said we were in a fringe area and needed a meter. During this time, our landlord told us he'd sold the house and we'd have to move, so we decided to wait until after we moved before buying a meter.

When we did move in August 1967, we attached the antenna to our new place. Reception was terrible. My husband checked it and we found the "non-conductor metal" was corroded. He took it back to Sears.

I called the service department and the manager told me, "That antenna is a piece of junk. It can't be repaired and it can't be returned. You'll have to live with it as a fringe area." When I asked him why, he said because we attached it to a coal chimney. I told him the reason for this recommendation was attaching it there and he said, "Well, we can't see anyone what kind of furnace they have when they buy an antenna."

At the moment Sears has our antenna and we had to buy another one for \$149. The cheaper

one is excellent.

Shortly after buying the Sears antenna and we had to buy another and we bought some first and other merchandise on our Sears account. We told them we were returning these things because of the treatment we had received with the antenna. We have no intention of paying off the balance of our account until some reasonable offer of restitution is made for the antenna. I've been told by their representatives that they can ruin our credit for this. Well, now we do it. I think I wanted a stamp.

If Sears, which is so big and apparently as powerful as they are—powerful enough to ruin a parent's credit, is allowed to treat their customers in this manner, think of how many people they have cheated. My acquaintance with the Better Business Bureau can be judged by the facts. I think I wanted a stamp.

I have a feeling you may be the only hope.

Mrs. J. A. Small  
 Johnstown, Pennsylvania

When I had an order. This complaint has looked some corporate giants, but this looked like an act taking on an elephant. We made our way over to Sears and said, "Okay, what's up?" Surprisingly, they weren't mean about it at all. My husband and I, and another lady, P. L. Moore, director of consumer relations at Sears' headquarters in Chicago, said, "We're glad you're complaint will be taken care of."

A few days later he wrote and said everything had been cleared up. He said he was sorry, making Mrs. Small a much happier woman. ... thanks to the NATIONAL INSIDER.



## AN INSIDER EXCLUSIVE

## Christine And Mandy—Today!

By JULES VAUGHN

I have just returned from a trip abroad for this news paper. And the results have been pretty startling in some cases.

In future weeks, I'll be telling you stories you'll find hard to believe about such people as Amin Elberg, Michael Caine, Sean Connery, Gina Lollobrigida and several others.

But if you check, you'll find that every one of these stories is true—even though this is the only place where you'll be able to read them.

The same goes for this week's exclusive: the inside story of what Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies—the two call girl queens of London a few years ago—do today.

Well, to begin with, neither Mandy nor Christine are Keeler or Davies anymore. Mandy is Mandy Shand, and Christine is Christine Johnson. Both are married—though both aren't happily married unfortunately.

Mandy bounced around quite a bit after the Profumo scandal. She dated a lot of men, and went to bed with a lot of them. She resented for the satisfaction that she had never found when she was a paid playmate in the beds of government high-ups.

But it didn't work. So she was drinking more than she should, and more than she could stand.

The run out of money and had to get a job as a clerk in a night club. But the notoriety of being an infamous celebrity had worn off. All that was left were the slanders of lecherous men who wanted the body that Lord Profumo had had.



Christine Keeler

She eventually couldn't take it and went to Israel. The Jews were starting a new state then. Mandy hoped that she could start a new life.

And she did. One day she met a handsome airline steward who had just flown to Tel Aviv and had a few hours between flights. His name was Rafael Shand.

The had a drink together—of tonight, June, believe it or not—and quickly got to like one another. He promised that the next time he got to Tel Aviv, he would look her up.

That was three weeks later. But Mandy, who had known more men than she could remember, couldn't forget Rafael.

Six months later they were married.

But before getting married, they made one vow.

That their wedding would not separate them. But how could they keep that vow? He was traveling



Mandy Rice-Davies

constantly and there was little work in Tel Aviv for a man.

Mandy, always an inventive girl to bed, proved that she was just as inventive in other areas. She still had some money coming in from selling her life story (it originally ran in *The Insider* in America—editor). When the check came in, she said, why not start a night club in Tel Aviv where she could perform and he would run things?

And so they did. It was a struggle at first, but today the club—Mandy's is thriving. And Mandy Rice-Davies Shand is a happy young woman of 35.

The same cannot be said for Christine Keeler.

Since the public exposure of her private exposure, Christine has not found happiness. She married an Englishman, Henry George Johnson, but the marriage does not seem to be working out. They are separated most of the time. Chris-

tine keeps a private apartment in the plush north section of London. She works as a secretary during the day, and is writing a novel during the night.

But late at night in her apartment, again on the lines of mildly she never knew where she was hoping from bed to bed with high British officials.

And yet to see her Christine is in her apartment when these people take place.

And we are not talking about the wild masturbatory fits that easy female women, such as the late Dorothy Dandridge, used to indulge in.

We are talking about dreams.

For if Christine Keeler has controlled her excessive thoughts, if she has won the struggle to build a new character and a new life for herself outwardly, inside—in her subconscious mind—she is chaos.

A marky, erratic, frustrating chaos.

One dream that she constantly has is of herself spreadeagled before a group of men. Each one walks up to her and caresses her naked body in the most sensuous places.

But then they walk away, and to be followed by the last, never giving her any satisfaction, only devastating her more and more and more.

Another dream is more symbolic. In it, she is a little girl. She is in a field of flowers. She keeps trying to pick them and to smell their sweetness, but every time she reaches out only thorns are there. Finally, the dream ends in a panic as she is so thirsty that she cannot stand the pain any longer.

These are the dreams of Christine Keeler today.

They are a far cry from the dreams Mandy Rice-Davies Shand has achieved.

## Any Hour Good For Love-Making!

By BRETT MOSS

A team of doctors of the Yugoslavian State Research Bureau has just released their report on the preferred time for sexual intercourse. This study was commissioned as part of an overall study of possible causes for the relative stability of the Yugoslavian birth rate.

One thousand couples (2,000 individuals) and 1,000 single persons were selected at random. Their ages ranged from 20 to 35—the most active sexually and most prolific years. Because of the delicacy of the subject, no pressure was put on the persons selected to answer. However, 871 of the married couples and 482 of the single individuals returned the forms. This unusually high percentage, the researchers felt, increased the accuracy of the findings concerning the subject.

## Preferences Revealed

Results of the survey of preferred time for sexual activity are as follows:

Number Expressing Preference  
Time Married Single  
Upon Awakening 219 87

Early Day until 3 p.m. 27 82  
Late Afternoon & Eve. 85 169  
Night and Before  
Retiring 205 307

Total 871 486

The figures show that the great majority of married couples preferred coitus on a weekend or before retiring. Obviously, the last many of a shared moment before the husband's awakened or the peace and quiet when the day's chores were over made them turn to each other. The presence of children probably contributes to their preference for the early or late times.

## Choice Understood

The preference of single persons for evening or late night time for sexual activity is very understandable. They are probably busy with jobs and careers during the day and enjoy their social activities in the evenings for the most part. It probably indicates also that many times they enjoy impulsive and sexual sexual encounters resulting from meetings in cocktail bars or restaurants.

A tabulation of the actual times reported showed the following results:

Actual Times Reported  
(Based on a frequency figure of 3 out of 8 total experiences)

Time Married Single  
Upon awakening 71 104  
Early Day until 3 p.m. 162 87  
Late Afternoon & Eve. 213 123  
Night and Before  
Retiring 126 106

Total 871 486

Surprisingly, the actual times that married couples indulged in sexual relations are completely in variance with their desires. The researchers were baffled by this discrepancy until they turned the forms over and read the comments. Traditionally all the married couples complained of lack of opportunity and privacy for their love-making.

## Hours Incompatible

Many of the comments concerned incompatible working hours. "It's no good," one woman wrote. "After eight hours on my feet all I want to do sleep alone. But when I get home he's just waking up

rested and eager to make love." According to one man, he and his wife are on separate merry-go-rounds. He wrote, "Once in a while, we meet and struggle for a while, but it's hurried and unsatisfactory."

The other most common complaint was the lack of privacy caused by families dozing up in one apartment. One man commented as follows, "You walk up till hours for the house to quiet down and even then the walls are so thin, you're sure everyone is awake again and listening. The next day you're so tired you wonder if it was worth it." One woman plaintively asked, "How on earth making be fun and spontaneous, if you have to plan a campaign to get a moment alone."

Many couples pointed out that about the only time they had the house to themselves was 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon. "But you're never safe from interruptions," one woman complained. "There's no time for dozing—all you want to do is get it over with before something happens."

For single people, on the other hand, the two sets of figures correspond very well. This would

seem to indicate that single people tend to choose the time periods when schedules fit their own.

## Nude Movie

(Continued from Page 11)

Now you may think this is the same old story.

It isn't—But we will not put the surprise ending of the picture by telling it all here. It is told in the opening minutes and about the picture which shows how all these events happen.

The magazine has one advantage over the film itself. It shows many of the things that the actors and actresses were doing as the film was being made.

There's no time for dozing—all you want to do is get it over with before something happens.

For single people, on the other hand, the two sets of figures correspond very well. This would

There is certainly no evidence of any of the kind of the actor who portrays Maria as he holds one of the naked girls next to his naked body as he waits for the camera to be set up.

See the picture. There is no doubt that it will entertain you with the power that is not Rome's—the picture is a laugh, and appreciative picture!



#



# Both Sides of Love

By HEDY JO STAR  
America's first sex change



If you have a problem you'd like Hedy Jo to answer, write to her in care of Both Sides of Love, National Insider, 2713 N. Paulist Road, Chicago, Illinois 60639. Letters will be answered only through her column. We regret that personal answers cannot be given nor mail forwarded.

Dear Hedy:

I am rather totally on the side of the heterosexual or the heterosexual and shall give my reasons. For every intelligent, sensible, loving marriage there are many that end in divorce courts because of personality conflicts and scores of other reasons—finance, in-law, sex incompatability, etc. However, there are marriages in which a wife suddenly discovers that her husband wants her to give him oral intercourse and she is disgusted with this request; then there are the wife-and-husband swappers, truly a mixed crowd; nagging wives who beat their husbands and wives who have beaten some children to death, husbands and wives who cheat on each other; the list is endless.

In the homosexual realm there are some young men who think that they are a gift to the world, to be admired for their facial and body attractiveness, and fit about town as rambos to the other with confidence. There are some who appear to be charming on the surface only to turn out to be blackguards, thieves, liars. In contrast, there are some homosexual men, through their similar interests in the arts or otherwise, form deep friendships that can last a lifetime. Some psychologists have admitted that in nature a homosexual love can be purer than that of the heterosexual. I feel it is a matter of individual experience.

In order to be fair to Both Sides of Love we must be realistic enough to recognize that it is the individual way in which two persons get together that determines whether they maintain a true affection or a selfish one.

J. S. Monachowski

Dear H. J.:  
Yes, but when you go against nature's laws, you've got a serious situation. Sure, homosexuals can be nice people. But they are still a risk people. They can love — but not normally, not completely happily. I admit a lot of homosexual marriages are even worse, but just because you find one bad one of course doesn't mean you should never plant a garden again.

Hedy

Dear Hedy Jo:  
I read your column every week and really enjoy it. It is wonderful that people write you for help and you solve it. It is my problem. I am 29 years old and a white male who is sometimes very nervous and prefer to be alone a lot. I have a nice close buddy who has helped in trying to "bring me out of the shell." Well, the problem is not him. It is a fellow named George I met at the party without his wife. He be-

came interested in me, Hedy, and after several drinks we went home together and to his apartment. Well, the next thing I remember we were making love, making each other and enjoying it. He told me he doesn't get along with his wife (who was away visiting her sister) and said he has just done this for a long time despite being married. Well, next week we were in his apartment again and this time after he gave me lots of "liquid we were performing oral copulation on each other. He told me how he can't live without me and wants to divorce his wife and live with me. Hedy, I really liked him when I first met him as a person but I never did anything like this



Writes to Hedy Jo Star with Your Personal Problems.

before and now I want to do it as much as he does. Should I stop seeing him and let him live with or without his wife or change my way of living? Please help me out Mrs. Star. I need your help. Answer as soon as possible.

A. H. New Jersey

Dear A. H.:  
See a psychiatrist — as soon as possible.

Hedy

Dear Hedy Jo:  
I would like to tell you that I'm home from the hospital where I gave birth to twins on April 7. I also want to say that my husband — who is 28 — and I have named the baby girl after you. I had a boy and a girl. I don't know if at 66 I'm the oldest woman to have a baby but I am sure of one thing: I'm the oldest to have twins! Thanks for your advice.

M. T. Connecticut

Dear M. T.:  
I'm glad the advice helped. And I look forward to your next birth announcement!

Hedy

Hedy Jo Star's life story — in book form — can be obtained by sending \$5 cents to Publisher Promotion Agency, 2713 N. Paulist Rd., Chicago, Illinois 60639. No CDD's accepted. Price includes postage and handling.

Dear Hedy Jo:

I have so finally now, live alone I'm not old and not young but still possess a slim body with little hair but all my teeth.

The only form of sex I like now is to have beautiful girls perform oral intercourse on me. One night I got a living doll. She not only gave me a complete oral intercourse but said she insisted on touching my anus, then inserted her long finger into my anus. I enjoyed it very much. She also played with my testicles, gently spanking them, kissing them all over. I never experienced anything like that before.

Now my question is: Is this sort of love-making really harmful to myself?

Henry E. Maryland

P.S. Please answer me in your column as I am a steady reader of the Insider and your fine column. Thank you so much and hope your charm and good answers give people like me a helping hand.

Dear Henry:

Yes and no. In your case — with the spankings and finger-trait and all — I think you've got problems, at least the situation should be reversed.

Hedy Jo

Dear Hedy Jo:

I read your column nearly weekly and truly enjoy it. I have the problem My boyfriend Craig is real smart, a swell guy, I mean, intelligent. But when it comes to sex, he has this habit that really bothers me. He drives me wild in bed, and brings me to climax by manipulating my clitoris, but he uses his feet! His toes are really slimy, and he sure can use them. It was kind of novel at first, but he still does it and I'm beginning to wonder whether he is normal. How can I tell him I want sex the "good old way"? He needs the Insider so please print this and help me with my problem.

Thank you,  
Marga Z. Minnesota

Dear Marga:  
If you're not putting me on, I'd say the thing to do is to try and show him there are other delights besides foot relations. But don't kick a gift horse in the foot, either. If he brings you so much tremendous orgasm!

Hedy

# THROUGH THE STRETCH

by CARSON CARTER



## AT NEW YORK

CANAL CRAFT SMIRRY  
EVER ON FUEL CARRIER  
IN REALITY  
MOSS  
MR. WASHINGTON  
STORM CROST  
TOO BALD  
TUMIGA

Still has class to score  
The slower the better  
Brother of Forward Pass  
Needs at least 1 1/2 miles  
Back at peak of form  
On the improve  
Regarding his first winter form  
Looks like a repeater  
Red filly in America  
Solid at 6 furlongs

## AT CHICAGO

ASTER  
BETTER B. DAN  
BOLD AMBITION  
BUTTERFIELD ROAD  
GOOD ABILITY  
MODIES GIFT  
MR. SWOON  
OUR POX  
SWIMMIN' HOLE  
ZIP POCKET

The longer the better  
Chance for repeat here  
Should keep on winning  
Solid at 6 furlongs  
Will win his share  
Never better  
In winning form  
Could pull an upset  
Usually a factor  
Teh for sprint stakes

## AT MICHIGAN

BOARD MARKET  
CROW TALL  
ENLIGHTENMENT  
MICHIGAN MUSS  
PRESTO PEET  
PREMIORENCE  
ROSBERRY  
SABINE  
TAKS SILK  
TOM'S MOON

Cinch to repeat  
Chance to win again  
Usually a contender  
According to top form  
Needs a mile or more  
Sharp at 4 1/2 furlongs  
The longer the better  
Could surprise  
On the improve  
Looks ready to score

## SPOT THE CHANGES QUIZ ANSWERS

- Cover of golfer's hat is flatter.
- The blanket over his shoulder is longer.
- Headline of woman's dress is lower and more revealing.
- Feeding cup on her parent's porch has vanished.
- Left-hand corner part of balcony is missing.
- Wicker.
- There is a huge round plant hole.
- Back rest of chair is deeper.
- Umbrella pole is white.
- Back is high of church is lower, showing more of window.
- The bush is taller.

# Caption Contest

Your Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....



Write a funny caption for this photo.

Mail to CAPTION CONTEST, THE NATIONAL INSIDER,  
2713 N. Paulist Road, Chicago, Illinois 60639.  
1st Prize \$10.00 3rd and 4th Place Winners  
2nd Prize \$5.00 20 Weeks of The National Insider FREE



# The National Insider

VOLUME 12, NUMBER 25 — JUNE 16, 1968

## MEET THE FRAUD FIGHTERS

Diseased fish, medical malpractice, filthy meat, mail order rips—you name it. Three major figures in consumer protection are upset about it.

Perhaps the most glamorous and most surprising of the "fraud fighters" or "consumer warriors," as they are sometimes called, is Betty Furness, the President's adviser on consumer affairs. A former actress, she has moved into the top government ranks as a woman who listens to what consumers have to say about rotten food, unsafe cars, bogus appliances that fall apart before they're even paid for.

Glamorous though she is, Betty Furness still ranks behind safety critic Ralph Nader, who soared to international fame after a nasty encounter with private detectives working for General Motors who were trying to tie up files about Nader's personal life.

Third among the ranks is the INSIDER's own Arthur C. Richards, who has rapidly gained stature in state and federal ranks as a hard-biting journalist on the side of the consumer.

Nader, most colorful of the trio, is everyman's self-appointed lobbyist in Washington. The slim, bald-faced lawyer rushes through an 18-hour day five, six and sometimes seven days a week, propelled by "controlled outrage" (according to admirers) or "fantasy" (according to detractors).

He's up every morning at seven



White House consumer consultant Betty Furness investigates short-weight food.

## We Name Names

As a public service, THE NATIONAL INSIDER has fearlessly exposed the rackets and gyp artists that swindle the American public. Now we call upon our readers to join us in this exciting campaign.

If you have been a swindled victim, write us and tell us all about it. Give names, dates, places and all pertinent details. If possible, send us any actual merchandise that may be involved. Your name will not be used.

If we can come up with a story from the information you supply, we will give you FREE your choice of a \$5.00 award or a 1-year subscription to THE NATIONAL INSIDER—the world's most exciting newspaper.

and doesn't collapse again until long after midnight. To the over-

zealous consumer, he's a shining beacon of light—the Great American Dream—being in a cheap \$60-a-month sleeping room and living like a pauper, peevish on letters of protest on a battered second-hand portable typewriter to such immortals as Henry Ford II and Raymond C. Firestone, scrambling to meetings on Capitol Hill to supply him with facts and research to Congressmen supporting consumer bills, and running up \$89 long-distance phone calls (all on a pay phone) to secret contacts in research laboratories and in the very firms he is criticizing.

Breakfast is unheard of, lunch is usually a quick bowl of chicken soup and a hot dog (federally-inspected) and dinner is a Dubonnet on the radio and a truck of prime beef, medium rare and, again, federally-inspected.

He appears to most to be "a fanatic on the run." But wherever he is, he gets results. Even so he combats the country for evidence to be used in new crusades, there are important developments on old crusades.

A New Republic article ("Something Fishy") exposed the fifth of the country's fish industry. Over 2,500 fish processing plants, Nader charged in the article, are inspected less than once a year. "Virtually no fishing vessels are inspected at all."

Within a few hours after publication, the White House called an urgent meeting to tackle the problem.

Nader returned to an elder enemy—General Motors Corporation—and blew the 58¢ off their 94¢ price increases for a shudder because that cost only \$2.99. The

insider settle for \$53.525 fish. Nader still calls it "outrageous."

For months, Nader and Dr. Earl Z. Margen, a director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, have been warring as that dental X-rays given to pregnant women can result in miscarriages and deformed babies. For a long time no one listened. Then, somehow, it happened. An obscure little town and an unknown expectant mother shook the American Dental Association to its foundations. Immediately the order went out to 338,400 dentists stop using X-rays unless absolutely necessary.

Chalk up another victory for Nader.

Aged 33, working alone, and armed with little money, Ralph Nader has raised more hell than anyone since Upton Sinclair, who, in "The Jungle," exposed the filth of the meat packing industry in 1906.

Because of Nader, LRP's Betty Furness, and the INSIDER's Arthur C. Richards, Congress has passed laws setting federal standards on auto safety, flammable fabrics, chemical laboratories, and meat packing. This year the legislators tackle mail-order selling, the loan sharking, pipeline safety and auto insurance.

The Gory tale has made "consumerism" a major political football and campaign issue. President Johnson, when he signed the flammable fabrics act, laid down the law in no uncertain terms.

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White House forced GM to scrap the proposed price increase and



—Ralph Nader—  
The Consumer's Dream-Come-True



—Arthur C. Richards—  
He's Tackled Crime Syndicates and Corporate Giants

